

passion for her had been Platonic. 1
replied', says the
Cardinal, * "It would be enough to include
your por-
trait." * It was an ugly gibe. Perhaps the
Cardinal was
bitter for Ronsard's sake; for Ronsard's
sake it would
have been well to be less bitter. Curiously
enough, it was
reserved for our own Ben Jonson to repay
the Cardinal
in his own coin of discourtesy. Asked by du
Perron for
an opinion on his translations of Virgil, Ben
answered (so
hetoldDrummond) that 'they werenaught'.
It wasarough
age. But as for Helene de Surgeres, she went
unmarried to
the grave where she and her reputation could
rest in peace.
Ronsard had gone long before. He was
ready. His
final editions of his poems appeared in 1578
and 1584,
carefully, perhaps too carefully, corrected
to the last.
Like the sage of Lucretius, he could rise
from the feast of
life satisfied, even weary. His poetic counsels
to the King
had been ill received; his passionate verses
of protest
against the fellers of his Forest of Gastine
had not saved
it; his health was finally gone.

J'ay veu lever le jour, j'ay veu coucher le soir,
J'ay veu greller, tonner, esdairer et pluvor,
J'ay veu peuples et Rois, et depuis vingt
annfes
J'ay veu presque la France au bout de ses
journ&s,
J'ay veu guerres debats, tantost treves et
paix,
Tantost accords promis, redefais et refais,
Puis defais et refais. J'ay veu que sous la Lune
Tout n'estoit que hazard, et pendoit de
fortune . . .
Je m'en vais seul du monde ainsi qu'un convi6
S'en va soul du banquet de quelque mari6,
Ou du festdn d'un Roy sans renrognier la
face,

Si un autre apres luy se met dedans sa place.

Dignified, yet bitter, those words carry the
memory not
only back to Lucretius but forward to the
exasperated
farewell of another spirit equally sickened of
revolutions—
to Danton's 'Je suis saoul des hommes*.